

DID MARSHAL NEY COME TO AMERICA

The Mystery of Napoleon's Marshal, Who Taught School in Carolina After "Death"

Copyright by J. E. Watkins. I PROTEST, before God and my country, against this sentence that has condemned me. I appeal from it to man, to posterity, to God! "My brave comrade, when I place my hand upon my heart I see that you take sure aim at my heart!" The doomed prisoner then turned to the firing squad, composed of 60 veterans of his own armies: "Raising his hand to his bosom, he then gave the terrible signal. There was a ragged, nervous crackling of musketry, and Marshal Ney, erstwhile Marshal of France, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moskwa, dropped upon the ground, his face turned slightly to one side. The dust beneath him became crimson with his life blood. The soldiers marched away. And then a squad appeared with a litter, on which the corpse was borne to an adjacent hospital, there to be placed in a leaden coffin encased within a casket of oak. Early next morning it was borne to the cemetery and buried. Such is history's account of the great hero's tragic ending. His crime had been loyalty to his old commander, Napoleon, placed at the head of an army sent by Louis XVIII to capture the fugitive from Elba. Ney had fallen upon his knees before his former Emperor and brought him the surrender to the Allies. Napoleon's exile to St. Helena, Ney's own flight, his capture in a friend's castle, his trial and condemnation, his execution on December 19, 1815. The day following the marshal's funeral Philip Petrie, a sailor, while stoning the deck of a vessel bound from Bordeaux to Charleston, S. C., glanced ashore, and recognizing a ruddy-faced individual saluted respectfully. "Who do you think I am?" asked the passenger. "My old commander, Marshal Ney," said Petrie, very positively. "Marshal Ney was executed two days ago in Paris," replied the stranger, with a scowl; and during the remainder of the voyage he remained in hiding in his cabin. A few weeks later several French immigrants, meeting a familiar figure upon the streets of Georgetown, S. C., cried out: "Mon Dieu, le Marechal Ney!" whereupon the personage thus addressed vanished like breath into the wind. It was about this time that a mysterious stranger, calling himself Peter Ney, appeared at Cheraw, S. C., and there engaged himself to teach the school at Brownsville, nearby. Glancing at a newspaper one morning in the schoolroom he fell in a swoon and school had to be dismissed. That night he was observed to be burning documents, decorations and badges. Next morning he was found in bed with his throat cut, the blade of his pocket knife being broken off in the wound, which, thanks to good nursing, healed. The newspaper which caused the fainting fit contained news of Napoleon's death. Later, when shown a paper announcing the death of Napoleon III, the schoolmaster suffered another palsy and proceeded to burn more manuscripts. One morning while at Statesville, S. C., John Snyder and Frederick Barr, veterans of the Napoleonic wars, recognized the schoolmaster as the Field Marshal of France. Snyder went so far as to accuse Peter Ney and received only black looks for his pains. The schoolmaster, while on his deathbed in the early winter of 1844, was pressed by the physician to clear up the mystery of his identity. "I am Marshal Ney, of France," the Frenchman gasped with almost his dying breath. And after his funeral one of his intimate friends, Mrs. Mary C. Dalton, of Iredell County, N. C., revealed what she claimed to have been a confession made to her by Peter Ney shortly before his death. According to this story, the teacher was the great Marshal of France. Wellington had interceded and saved his life. The firing squad had been instructed to fire over his head, but not until he should give the signal by pressing his hand to his heart, by which action he burst a bag of red fluid secreted beneath his shirt. To further these deceptions, the schoolmaster had started on his way to the hospital, whither he had been brought upon a litter, he was that night disguised in ill-fitting clothes and started on his way to Bordeaux. There, posing as a servant carrying a valise, he embarked for Charleston. History proves that Marshal Ney's trial and its preliminaries were conducted by secret methods. Members of the Assembly who voted for his execution did so with the understanding from the King that the death sentence was to be commuted to life exile. "Wishing to satisfy himself as to the mystery clinging to the Ney case, Louis Napoleon, after coming to the throne, ordered the marshal's grave opened. When searched the inner coffin contained not a bone, not one relic of a human corpse. Carolinians, who knew Schoolmaster Ney, when shown portraits of the like Marshal of France, pronounced the likeness as precisely like that of their friend. Both the teacher and the marshal were ruddy of face. Each slept but five hours a night; each was a good fencer, a fearless horseman, a skilled mathematician and a clear performer upon the flute. "If Marshal Ney did escape to America, why did he not return to his beloved France after amnesty had been granted to all political exiles?" NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW Three thousand babies were examined in a contest in New York the other day, and two were pronounced perfect. Of the winners, one was Irish, and so was the other—Rochester Herald. It was a mistake to let the Highlanders wear their kilts in France. Now the French dress designers have an idea it's a complete triumph to their British ally to use the kilts as a model for next summer's gowns—Binghamton Press. Mr. Bryan will probably compromise with the Aero Club of America, which has asked him to donate \$150,000 to buy an airplane for the United States National Guard, by offering to furnish the air if the club will use the plane—Salt Lake Herald-Examiner.

CONTRASTING METHODS



THE STORMY PETRELS OF EUROPE

Germany, England and France Have Their Irrepressible Critics. The Strange Powers and Personalities of Harden and Shaw—France's Miracle

Germany, England and France have their irrepressible critics. The strange powers and personalities of Harden and Shaw—France's miracle. You must let him go as far as he likes. Give him rope enough to hang Grey and the Kaiser and he may end with hanging himself. They do not know what to make of him in England, for he is a strange man. He looks like Mephistopheles, wears a brown suit for ten years and refused to dress for the theatre, eats no meat, never celebrated a birthday in his life (which makes Gilbert K. Chesterton righteously furious), is happily married and announces that his recreation is "anything except sport."

Harden's Career Maximilian Harden has also turned more corners in this war. To understand the monotony of his being popular we have to go back to the early years of the century when, in 1907, Harden exposed the "Round Table." The nature of the exposures is rather unsavory, but the fearlessness and the faith of Harden are tremendously inspiring. At the age of 33 he had met Bismarck, the dropped pilot, who put Harden's hand on the wheel. The dead Bismarck inspired the attacks on von Moltke and to Eulenberg, and it was only after two trials that Harden was convicted and sentenced to a brief term in jail. At first Harden surprised Germany and the world by appearing in public and delivering impassioned harangues in defense of Germany, attacking England, praising the commander of the Emden, proclaiming German glory to the world. Then the sniveling attitude of some publicists disgusted him, just as the attitude of injured innocence among the British disgusted Shaw. To the Kaiser's "I did not will this," Harden retorted, "By Heaven, we have willed this. Let us go on to glory." When the German press began to revile all Britishers Harden called a halt, just as Shaw did when British publicists began to talk of "Huns" and barbarians. By the beginning of this year Harden was back at the starting point, pouring vitriol on enemy and neutral alike. In February he wrote, "The United States must reconcile itself to the conviction that no further hesitations will cripple our submarine war and no stars and stripes will protect a ship in the war zone. We are not tired, not afraid and 19 months of war have not palsied our resolution."

Not 19, but 22. When the final series of communications began with Germany Harden wrote a 48-page issue of "Die Zukunft" under the single head, "If I Were Wilson." It contained a eulogy of the high principles of the President; more important, it was a sulphuric attack on the submarine warfare of Germany, and several days later Harden confessed that Germany was beaten. "The sword has fallen us," he cried. "Let us save what is left by our brains." So Harden, too, has completed a circle. His paper was often suspended because he told the truth about things, but it was always allowed to reappear because there are elements in Germany who are opposed to the militarist and want the truth to be known. And Max Witkowski (or Witowsk), known as Harden, is the one man who can tell it. Fearless, keen and kind, intelligent and informed, a poseur, frail of body and indomitable of spirit, he has been called the greatest European. He is willing to live up to it. France had her stormy petrel, too. Jean Jaures, assassinated just as the war broke out, yielded the place to Gustave Hervé. And this is the miracle. Once a socialist and antimilitarist, Hervé hailed the advent of a new spirit in France when he changed the name of his paper from "The Social War" to "Victory." It is the symbol of all France. G. V. G.

The Two Critics These two men, Harden and Shaw, were predestined to their office of Pooh-Bahs and Thorns in the Flesh. It is a peculiar thing that the mordant critic of England is an Irishman, and that the sarcastic, straight-dealing analyst of Germany is a Polish Jew. Yet each of them is devoted to his country, to the country he attacks and hampers and infuriates, with the passion and the zeal of a convert. Shaw is playwright, critic, novelist, wit, debater, writer of letters to the papers. Harden is one thing and one alone, the editor of "Die Zukunft," most of which he writes himself. It is a 48-page weekly, more feared in Germany than the edicts of the Kaiser and much better written. Both began their careers as critics, Shaw of music (under the pseudonym "Corno di Bassotto") and Harden as critic of books and plays.

Shaw we know well. At the outset he wrote "Common Sense About the War," which most everybody considered unimportant sense about the war. They wanted to hang him for it and they had reason. On the face of it Mr. Shaw accused Sir Edward Grey of starting the war, drove out of court the pleas of Belgium, insisted that English militarists were a sight worse, because they were hypocrites, than German junkies; ridiculed every fine emotion and ideal for which England fancied she was fighting. Several days later Mr. Shaw was defending Grey and attacking Arnold Bennett. Before a month was out he was the best recruiting agent in England. "We're in the war," he said, with certain reservations about the propriety of that condition. "So, for goodness sake, let us be in it well." In December, 1915, Mr. Shaw was urging America to spend two billions for defense, and insisting that the Entente troops must enter Berlin with this deep underlying purpose: "In fighting the German army we are not fighting an inflexible, permanent organization, but a romantic dream from which it is necessary that the German people be awakened. We must make up our minds that the war is going on till we have shown the Germans that they must be content and confess their common humanity."

Tom Daly's Column

PART of the exercises of "Kindness to Animals" week was the planting of a horse chestnut tree in Independence Square last Friday afternoon. The principal address was made by Mr. Robert B. Logan. We're sorry we missed it. We had hoped to attend and to read this dainty poem of Joyce Kilmer's: TREES I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree. A tree whose hungry mouth is prest Against the earth's sweet flowing breast; A tree that looks at God all day And lifts her leafy arms to pray; A tree that makes a summer wear A vest of green upon her hair; Upon whose bosom snow has lain; Who intimately lives with rain. Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree.

Score One for Us WE WISH we had strolled on Olney Avenue (just east of Wister street) on Thursday instead of yesterday, because on Friday we were asked if we thought this Curcating Colonnade had made any dent at all upon the community, and we couldn't answer. But yesterday we noticed that the sign of "Doma Vita, Private Sanatorium," at whose bus latinity we snorted some time ago, has been repainted and relettered: "Belield Sanatorium, Private."

We confess we're soft. It tickles us almost to tears when we find any little seed we have sown bearing fruit. Imagine our joy, therefore, when he drew from our morning mail the usual note that there is at least one neophyte toddling in our lyric footprints: Whenever it is raining, And his feet are all through, I like to walk by Mitchell's shop And see what flowers are, O, BAILEY.

GOSSIPY GIUSEPPE E! You not wanta me talka to you while I shavin' you, eh? Alla right; I ain't starta for shava you yet. Please! I josta weesh to aska to you wan question. Was you to da concert for da Bredia Cross Italian at da Metropolitan Opera House lasta Monday night? No? Wal, den I gona tal you wata's happen dere. First cosa com, young man for play piano. "Bravo! bravo!" ees cry da crowd. Queeck ees com from eesside backside da stage man weeth bigga bonch da rose, which ees tied weeth pink ribbon. He yong arteeth he grabba da bonch an' go away. Da ribbon ees catch on som' thing an' wan end ees pull from da bow. Ha! ha! So I know eet agen. Nex' cosa com da tenor an' he seeng. "Bravo! bravo!" ees cry da crowd. Queeck ees com from eesside backside da stage man weeth bigga bonch da rose. Hat eet cosa da same. I see da ribbon. Da tenor he grabba da bonch an' go away. Nex' cosa com da soprano. "Bravissimo!" ees cry da crowd. Queeck ees com from eesside backside da stage da sama man weeth sama bonch da rose. So, too, wen ees com da basso, eet ees da same; alla time da same, but now all da ribbon ees loose an' da flowers dey look ashame; dey blush.

Lines to a Wax Lady with a Gray Wig in a Hairdresser's Window WHAT'S THIS? Gray hair seems out of place Upon a face so fair; O'er such smooth skin, so pink, so white, And o'er those flashing eyes so bright, (With no faint hint of age, or trace) Demure and debonaire. Those eyes! What glassy languor there! Peers blantly into space, On whistling, hot air, without a wight. Who whines for coppers, whom the blight Of a blurred mind makes unaware Of your quaint waxen grace. Go to! You're fooling me for spite; Come, lure me to the chase, Your materless skin, without compare, But it became hot as you wear; I, pray thee don, tomorrow night, Another wig—or face. A. A. Sir—I dislike to put a poison label on any one's jar of preserves, but speaking of the shortest poem in captivity, how about this one which I read several years ago? It's title is, "An Answer to Strickland W. Gillian's Statement in Regard to Germany—That Adam Had 'Em." The poem is: "O. No." Curious. And "O! No" is also our answer. This last is a mean little parasite that manages to exist merely by fastening itself upon the first. And, by the way, we didn't quote Gillian's classic quite correctly. It should have been: THE ANTIQUITY OF MICROBES Had 'em.

THE Russian Cathedral Choir of New York City gave a recital in Weightman Hall (University of Pennsylvania) last Saturday a week ago. I believe the swimming pool is in the same building. However, the first thing I noticed on my way up the stairs to the concert was this sign: "Ear Stoppers and Life Savers for Sale." N. M. BARTENDER went position; low wages; knows the business; steady; honest as the times will permit. "Honest as the times will permit." Fair opening for a saloonkeeper, with a cash register. The Immovable Loafer SIR—At Manheim street and German-town avenue the other evening I saw a "corner Adonis" posing before the window of a drug store. Just above his head a sign—appropriately misspelled—announced: STATIONARY Kute Kid Stuff BESSIE, who is ten, is the daughter of a dressmaker and often bears her mother talking with customers. One of these noticed Bessie playing with a new companion, a little crippled girl of the neighborhood. "You've got a new little playmate, Bessie," "Yes'm," said Bessie, putting her arm about the little girl's shoulder. "She's—she's a second," but I like her very much." MAY. Music Note When the very sweet young thing Asked the baritone to sing, He replied, "Nax, nax!" Of course, That proved him a little hoarse. —Will Lou. Sir—"Tother day there was a little note on the sporting (excuse! sports) page of the E. L. thus: Other Sports on Page 17 So far as I could see, the only things on page 17 were hair-washed ads. and the ordinary notices. Which what? B.

THE TARIFF IS THE ISSUE

Economic preparedness is as vital to the nation as military preparedness. During the next four years a protective tariff will be essential to the prosperity and well-being of the country.

IT WILL not be sufficient for the convention at Chicago to name a candidate who can be elected President. It must write a platform also that will carry a Republican majority into Congress. We can imagine nothing more awkward than a hybrid Government for the next two years, unless it were a hybrid Government for a longer period. We stand on the threshold of a new era in human affairs and particularly in international relations. The adoption of definite and absolute policies, which will give business men a solid basis on which to work and plan, is essential. A President of one party and either House or Senate of another party would mean no legislation except compromise legislation, and compromise legislation at its best is about the worst kind of legislation it is possible to get.

What the convention must aim at, therefore, is not simply the nomination of a man who can win the Presidency, but also the formulation of policies which will sweep into office the whole Republican ticket. This offers no particularly difficult problem so far as the House alone is concerned, for the Democratic majority is already only a Tammany majority, but a very different condition exists in the Senate. There a Democratic majority of 15 is to be overcome. Astute observers believe that a gain of six can be made by the Republicans in Maine, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia, Ohio, Nevada and Maryland, but this would still leave the Democrats with a majority of four. Indiana is being looked to for relief, since two Senators are to be elected there, and that this will have some influence on the convention in selecting its nominees is certain.

It would be fatal, in these circumstances, for the party to make preparedness, as the term is popularly understood, the paramount issue. We have emphasized repeatedly, and we shall continue to do so, the utter folly of defenselessness and the criminality, not to say waste, involved in the sham defense measures adopted by the present Congress. But there is another kind of preparedness just as important, and even of more importance politically. It is industrial and commercial preparedness. To the American people there is always one issue that overtops all others, and that issue is prosperity. The Republican party is the party of prosperity. Its history is a series of calls to save the Union from hard times and soup houses. This year, through the alchemy of circumstance, the natural effects of Democratic policies have been neutralized. Instead of commercial demoralization, money and times are easy. To rout a "starvation" Administration is one thing; to overthrow a dominant party when the flood of prosperity flows high is another.

It is this very situation which makes it more than ever imperative that the Republicans concentrate their artillery on an exposure of Democratic economic fallacies. Far-sighted men dread a return to normal conditions under a Democratic tariff. There is certain, in any case, to be a rebound from the excessive war prosperity now existing. It is a prosperity belonging not to the United States alone, but to Norway and Sweden and all the great neutral nations in common, an international rather than a national prosperity. For us it is a prosperity which exists in spite of, not because of, present economic legislation. To permit the country to face during the next four years the renewed and virile competition of the great commercial Powers under the handicap of the Underwood tariff would be a disastrous blunder. Never, we suspect, has a protective tariff been so needed as it will be needed during the next four years. The tariff remains, therefore, as it has been for half a century or more, the paramount issue. It must not be relegated to the rear; it must, on the contrary, be brought to the front. No man ought to be nominated at Chicago who is not as sound as a dollar on protection, not only in his belief in it but also in his conviction that it is the issue of issues in this period of the nation's progress. Protection and prosperity! A victory for that slogan this year will, we are convinced, settle the tariff issue for a generation to come, if, indeed, it will not lift it out of politics forever. A Democratic triumph, on the other hand, would merely postpone the inevitable return of the Republican party to power, though not until the industries of the nation had paid dearly for the blunder of the people in assuming that present prosperity had some other basis than the abnormal conditions arising from the great war.

HUGHES IN OREGON

IT IS apparent that the voters of Oregon are content with an oracle even when it is silent. They voted for Hughes solidly and overwhelmingly, and justified the point made in the EVENING LEDGER last week, that Justice Hughes has a known status, made definite in 1908 and never abridged or amended. It is almost incredible that any group of voters should have gone so heavily for a candidate without trust in him far superior to their trust in others. Mr. Roosevelt's vote in Oregon was very small, smaller than that of Henry Ford, whose name also had to be written in the ballot. The double significance of this is that the Republicans of Oregon think Mr. Roosevelt unacceptable and think Mr. Hughes highly desirable. And Oregon spoke no louder than Vermont. For whatever purpose the Hughes boom was started, it now goes forward on its own strength. The voters know him as an estimable man. They are at least sure that with him against the President a clean and sharp campaign battle would be fought.

Whether Charles Palmer, obscure lawyer, actually becomes Supreme Court Justice or not, the manner in which he has been enabled to run a neck-and-neck race with Justice Walling would be sufficient warning to the State to change to the appointive system. "Intelligence," "honestness," "nobility," "tolerance" are some of the terms used to describe the attitude of the voters. It is not necessary to prove any

Perhaps, this being Clean-up Week, the contractors who are paid for keeping the streets clean will strain a point and keep the streets clean. If there are any goodies in the convention banquet at Chicago for a "favorite son" of Pennsylvania, he will have to eat them off the mantelpiece. When the Kaiser returned to Berlin to face the food crisis his hour of arrival was kept quiet "to avoid a demonstration." Nature of demonstration not defined in Berlin dispatches. There is food for reflection in comparing the rapid action of the House on the shipping bill with the same body's action on the army bill. Is there something in the shipping bill for one? Celebrating the addition of a motor-driven truck to the Collingswood Fire Department, 5000 volunteer firemen went on parade. At that rate, 5,000,000 ought to get banners for every aeroplane added to our army. The first time Estrada Cabrera informed an anxious world that he was President of Guatemala he added the words, "I abdicate." Senor Cabrera has had a singularly simple history, all things considered. It was a sound suggestive of the occasional report from the powder works on the Delaware when it was said that the bomb was "boomed." That the "boom" has "blown up" might have been expected. But there are no casualties. Jail terms for reckless drivers of autos, even when their recklessness results in no injury to a pedestrian, would cut down the present homicide rate promptly. But the plural is not needed. One jail term would probably be enough. The New York World, which has a leaning toward the party now in power, reminds its readers that William Howard Taft is the real leader of the Republican party, and breathes a prayer that he will assume the powers and prerogatives of his office. The World is not alone in its respect for Mr. Taft, but it sounds too much like a French courtier praying for the child Louis XIV to oust Mazarin. President Emeritus Elliot, of Harvard College, has written a letter to Senator Culberson urging, with the dignity and assurance and judgment at his command, that Louis Brandeis be ratified for the Supreme Court. At the age of 82 many years retired from office, Charles W. Elliot as still spoken of as president by those who love Harvard, and is still known as the most distinguished American by those who appreciate their country. With a courtesy essential to his greatness, he has not interfered with President Lowell at Harvard. With the honor of the country at stake, Mr. Elliot does speak, though all the Brahmins of Boston speak against him. A brave and, we hope, an effective thing. Woodrow Wilson is fortunate no longer in the possession of a Protean citizenship. Heretofore he has been a Jerseyman, but in Dixie a native of Virginia. There was a touch of the "professional Southerner" in his jest at Charlottesville, N. C., about the Mecklenburg declaration being more important than that "minor Declaration of Independence" at Philadelphia. But he did not hesitate to inform his audience that it was not from the South that the real America has come any more than from New England. "The characteristic part of America originated in the Middle States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, because there, from the first, was that mixture of populations, racial stocks, antecedents, which is the most singular and distinguished mark of the United States." The pro-sentence which he grants to this vicinity will go far toward making up for that star about our Declaration and at the same time fixes him as a Middle States man. It is for the future to say if he is a middling statesman.

What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- QUIZ 1. How long, in miles, is a degree of latitude? 2. Did any man ever decline a presidential nomination after it was made? 3. When was gas first used for lighting streets in the United States? 4. What was the site of City Hall used for before the present public buildings were erected? 5. Was tobacco ever made legal tender in the United States? 6. What is the highest mountain in America? 7. Who is Charles Palmer? 8. What is meant by "a white elephant"? 9. What does the name "wise fool" mean, or after the United States acquired it? 10. What rank do West Point cadets receive on graduation?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. The rattlesnake was a favorite emblem of defiance in the pre-Revolutionary period, and with the motto, "Don't tread on Me," was inscribed on the early Revolutionary flags. 2. The stars are suns, which are the centers of systems of planets. 3. United States possessions are so distributed about the globe that "the sun never sets" on them. 4. "Sphenoceros" means "wise fool." 5. The Mint stood on the site of the Widener Building. 6. The ball is the symbol of the material world and is properly surrounded by the cross, symbol of the spiritual world. 7. "Shooting stars," or meteors; fragments of comets, are generally understood that in Europe, as in this country, they do not stand for any particular word. They are numbered as a rule according to the order in which they are built. 8. Joseph Bonaparte, exiled King of Naples, came here and later settled at Bordentown, N. J. 9. The maulstick is held in the artist's left hand against the edge of his canvases, and on it he rests and steadies his right hand. 10. The southern boundary is straight to the Delaware circle, but the northern boundary is curved to the northwestern corner of the State.

U-boats and F-boats

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Kindly give me some information about the meaning of U-boats and F-boats. Also about "F," which appears to be one of special interest. My opinion is that a U or otherwise lettered boat means one without any special name. A. M. LENOX. Letters of this kind are used to describe types of vessels which are generally understood that in Europe, as in this country, they do not stand for any particular word. They are numbered as a rule according to the order in which they are built.

"American Railway Manufacturing Company"

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Kindly inform me through your column if "The American Railway Manufacturing Company" is still in existence, or if merged with some other company? This company was of New York, and was incorporated in 1855. D. C. C. Poor's "Manual of Industries" does not mention a company of that name, nor does Smyth's "Obsolete American Securities and Corporations," though both mention past and present companies with such names as "American Railway Supply Company."

"There, But for the Grace, Etc."

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Can you tell me if it was, on watching a man being led to the gallows, said: "There, but for the grace of God, goes . . ." mentioning his own name N. S. WARE. The saying is attributed to several great men. It is said that Goethe remarked it on an occasion when he saw a man being led to prison. Dr. Samuel Johnson said it to a friend on a somewhat similar occasion. In one form or another, of course, the idea was expressed many times before Johnson and Goethe were born.

Solon Was an Athenian

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—In the answer to the quiz of May 16, you stated that "Solon was the law giver of Sparta." Barnes and Fisher's "Ancient Histories" state that Lycurgus was the lawgiver of Sparta and that Solon was the lawgiver of Athens. A. E. C. Solon was a philosopher and statesman. He was born in Athens, Greece, about 630 B.C. He was a member of the aristocracy and was known for his wisdom and justice. He is famous for his reforms in Athens, which laid the foundation for the democracy of the city. He was also a poet and a philosopher. He is considered one of the Seven Sages of Greece.